

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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THE FIELD AFAR

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In the U. S. 50 cents a year.
To foreign countries. . . 60 " " "
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To any address, home or
foreign \$1.00 a year.
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address 20.00 " "

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faithful converts.

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MARYKNOLL : : OSSINING P. O., N. Y.
THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of
the Catholic Foreign Mission Society.
Checks and other payments may be
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent
upon application. *

CHAPLAIN FEALY of the
United States Army writes
from his island home in the Pa-
cific Ocean:

Your idea of having the K. of C.
aid the missioner in distant lands is
most timely. The first centre should
be established at "The Crossroads of
the Pacific." In Hawaii the Catholics
have no common meeting-ground, no
place where travelers may spend an
evening when a through steamer lays
over in port.

Sir K. of C., remember the
chaplain's words. The need ap-
plies to every point in the Far
East where to-day a Y. M. C. A.
building stands guard—and to
others. It is not too early to agi-
tate this idea. It may yet be too
late.

* *

WE cannot say that any among
our patrons "came to scoff
and remained to pray," although
we have reason to believe that not
a few of our new acquaintances
have conceived a prayerful interest
in our behalf. We have re-
marked, moreover, that a com-
paratively large number who be-
gan as ordinary subscribers and
expressed no purpose to do more
than read THE FIELD AFAR, have
caught the idea of becoming mem-
bers of the Society whose organ
it is and of sharing in the accumu-
lating merit of this work for souls.

This is as it should be and as
we most desire. When the Catho-
lic Foreign Mission Society was
incorporated under the laws of
New York State, provision was
made for a membership that might
be extended almost indefinitely.

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The advantages of such member-
ship are not of a material kind
nor have our *Associates* any voice
in the conduct of this work, al-
though they are always free
to suggest. But they may feel
that they are of us and with us,
that their prayers and alms are
making possible a much-needed
development in the Church of
Christ. And they may be assured
that their co-operation will bring
a more than proportionate spiri-
tual return.

* *

"DON'T you ever feel blue up
there?" writes a soft-hearted
subscriber down in Hoboken.

Why, of course we do, but we
are not 'blowing' about it. Now
that the idea is suggested, how-
ever, we wish to record that our
nearest approach to tears last
month came one day when a
package of two hundred and fifty
cards—no, *not* a pack—was placed
on our desk with the following
note:

**For Father:—We have billed these
people and sent to them Dinny Dun
or Hoki-Poki.* As they are now sev-**

*These are our agents—two sons of
our Uncle Sammy.

OUR TENTH ANNIVERSARY APPROACHES

eral months in arrears, we are going to remove their stencils. Are any of your friends among them?

Any friends? They were all friends. Some of them would go twenty miles to attend our funeral, or if we called on them, they would without a whimper offer us entertainment according to their means. But to sit down and write a check or to address an envelope and slip a dollar bill into it, why—!

Well, what's the use? The two hundred and fifty names went into the long roll of *The Forgetfuls* and we tried to think—for a change—how we could find new subscribers to take their places, for the *FIELD AFAR Subscription List*, it must be remembered, can never be less than it is and should be greater.

* *

THREE priests were at Roosendaal, Holland, sitting in the garden of St. Joseph's Mission-House, a branch of the English Foreign Mission Seminary. Two of them were members of the faculty and one a special patron of *THE FIELD AFAR*.

The conversation turned on the increasing strength of Catholic faith behind the dykes—evident to every observant visitor in Holland—and the elder of the two professors unhesitatingly ascribed this gratifying condition to the development of interest in foreign missions. To substantiate his statement, he produced a Catholic directory and counted, then and there, some eighteen houses devoted to the training of youth for missions to the heathen. He himself remembered when priests for the home country were scarce and he had noted that the scarcity began to decrease in proportion to the spread of foreign mission spirit.

"To-day," he added, "we have so many vocations to the priesthood and the religious life that we are supplying England, across the Channel, and your country, on the other side of the Atlantic. Tell American Catholics that if they

do their duty by the foreign missions, they need never be afraid of a diminished supply of priests for the work at home."

* *

WE are writing away from Maryknoll and are not sure whether or not the *FIELD AFAR* list carries the honorable name of David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, but we are much interested in this item, which was printed not long ago in the *Providence Visitor*:

Ex-Governor Walsh of Massachusetts, returning from a four weeks' visit to the Philippines, escorted six young Chinamen to this country. The ex-Governor and his party, after visiting various universities, selected Notre Dame for the Oriental students, three of whom are Catholics.

We are curious to know how the ex-Governor met these Chinamen and how he landed them, if he did, at a Catholic college.

This much we *do* know. Ever since the Boxer indemnity was returned to China by our national government, to be used for the education of Chinese in this country, young men and young women have been crossing the Pacific and have been assiduously steered to almost any kind of college except one conducted by Catholics.

For this one-sided disposition of our Boxer fund, we are quite convinced that none are to blame but Catholics themselves. Perhaps the best explanation lies in the fact that American Catholics have practically no representation in China.

We are wondering if ex-Governor Walsh ran into some of the Boxer indemnity students.

* *

EVERY bishop has his troubles and no bishop can be expected to actively interest himself in all the good works undertaken by the Church in this country. It is especially gratifying to us to record from time to time such tributes as those that follow:

I shall be most delighted to do what I can to help along your great and necessary undertaking.

*J. H. BLENK,
Archbishop of New Orleans, La.

Is it
much
to ask

That you make *THE FIELD AFAR'S* tenth anniversary an occasion for us to print these words:

WE HAVE A BONA-FIDE CIRCULATION OF FIFTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS?

*Will you get for us
ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER?*

Comparatively few Catholics in this country have seen or even heard of *THE FIELD AFAR*. You can add to the number.

I don't need to assure you of my admiration for your work and my desire that it may prosper in every way. May God bless your admirable undertaking and raise up for it many able helpers!

*J. J. KEANE,
Archbishop of Dubuque, Iowa.

I wish you every success.

*E. GARVEY,
Bishop of Altoona, Pa.

May God bless the work and the workers!

*P. J. MULDOON,
Bishop of Rockford, Ill.

I take the greatest interest in your work.

*VINCENT WEHRLE,
Bishop of Bismarck, N. Dak.

We trust that God may bless the work and the Society in every way.

*JAMES J. HARTLEY,
Bishop of Columbus, Ohio.

I wish I could make my offering ten times this amount. God bless your noble work! Pray for me and my diocese.

*JOSEPH SCHREMBES,
Bishop of Toledo, Ohio.

I wish you every success in your great undertaking and hope that my humble contribution will merit the prayers of the faculty and students of Maryknoll.

*P. J. GARRIGAN,
Bishop of Sioux City, Iowa.

I am very much pleased to see how well the Seminary for Foreign Missions is progressing. You have certainly made good use of your time and I pray God to bless your labors in the future. Enclosed find my offering to help on the good work.

*EDW. P. ALLEN,
Bishop of Mobile, Ala.

T H E F I E L D A F A R

I am glad to hear how well your work is progressing and that you have celebrated the fifth anniversary of its authorization by Rome and the hierarchy here. God grant that the next five years will see it a flourishing institution, with all your hopes realized!

✠JOS. G. ANDERSON,
Auxiliary Bishop of Boston.

* *

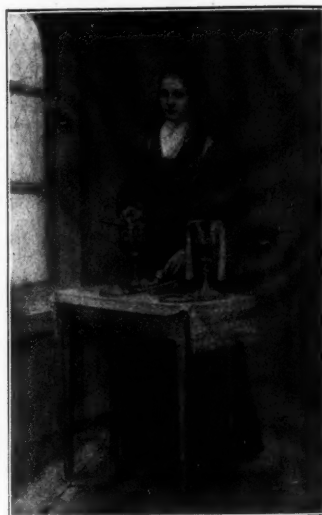
The Note Page.

IN the current bulletin issued by the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary we read that the war has made many vacancies in the ranks of that admirable Society. Up to the beginning of 1916, nineteen of its members had been killed, eight taken prisoners, and about twenty-five wounded.

His Eminence Cardinal Serafini, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, has visited this country and been deeply impressed with the evidences of faith which he remarked "in New York, Washington, and other cities." Cardinal Serafini was born in 1852 and is a Benedictine of the Primitive Observance.

At St. Joseph's Mission-House in Tilburg, Holland, twenty new students were enrolled this year. On account of the great number of applications an extension to the college is being built. "The times are difficult," writes Dr. Ahaus, who has charge of the school, "but the great cause suffers no delay. We have to move forward."

We learn from Fr. Hagspiel, of the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill., that a branch of the European society—"Missionary Association of Catholic Women"—has been started in Milwaukee. This organization, which has a membership in Europe of 180,000, aims to give financial assistance to missions, to supply poor chapels with linens, vestments, and religious articles, and to spread the apostolic spirit in Catholic homes.



TERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS.

The saintly young Carmelite of Lisieux, whose hold on Christian hearts seems to be tightening daily, had during her life a great love for missions. In fact, she wished to go to China herself and offered her services. But China alone would not satisfy her, for she says:

I would enlighten the world, traveling in every land, preaching Thy name, O my Beloved, and raising the standard of Thy Cross in every heathen place. One mission would not suffice. I would spread the Gospel everywhere, even to the farthest parts of the earth, and I would work thus, not for a few years only, but from the beginning to the end of time.

Above all, I wish for martyrdom. That was the dream of my earliest days, and here in my narrow cell the desire has ever grown more and more intense. My folly goes so far as to wish for, not one kind, but all kinds of torments. I would be scourged and crucified like Thee, my adorable Spouse. I would be flayed like St. Bartholomew, plunged into burning oil like St. John, and, like St. Ignatius of Antioch, ground by the teeth of wild beasts into a bread worthy of God. With St. Agnes and St. Cecilia, I would offer my neck to the sword, and like Joan of Arc I would die at the stake with Thy name upon my lips.

It is many years—more than

two hundred and fifty—since Fr. Jogues, who at least once canoed by Ossining-on-the-Hudson, met his brutal death at the hands of the Mohawks. Now we learn that the Cause of his Beatification has been introduced at Rome and is likely to be pushed. May we soon refer to this heroic Jesuit priest as *Blessed*!

The month of All Souls will be well under way before our next issue appears. It is the custom of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society to set aside one per cent. of all benefactions received during that month and send it to poor missionaries for the welfare of the Souls in Purgatory, especially those who were friends of our work while on earth. This practice will be followed as usual.

We also take the present occasion to remind those of our readers whose active faith prompts them to pray and to secure suffrages for their dead, that these dear departed ones may be enrolled, either yearly or perpetually, as *Associate Members* of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. They will thus share in at least six hundred Masses a year and in many other spiritual favors, as well as in the merits of all engaged in this work for souls.

The Japanese mission in San Francisco is making good progress. Catechism instructions are given every Sunday at the new mission house, after which the Japanese attend Mass and hear a sermon in their own language. With the aid of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, the mission keeps a kindergarten, besides conducting catechism classes and a sewing circle for larger girls on Saturdays.

A Record Book for twelve subscriptions will be mailed to you at your request.

H A S N O P A I D A G E N T S .

Several students of Freshfield, Mill Hill's apostolic school, have been summoned to military service. The director of the school, Fr. Farmer, has been making every effort to secure their exemption, but according to a recent letter he has not as yet succeeded. He writes:

I regret that I cannot give you any definite information regarding those of our students who were called to the colors. The matter has been before the Colonial and Indian Secretaries of State since last May. Three weeks ago Mr. Austen Chamberlain asked me to address all further communications directly to the War Office.

The latest news is that the Secretary of the War Office requested me to furnish a list of the students, their army numbers, and full regimental particulars. This list was submitted a fortnight ago. I am hoping that Our Lady of Victories may grant our petition soon.

It is pleasant to feel that people appreciate one's work, but such appreciation sometimes hits us hard. We were thinking lately of compiling some FIELD AFAR articles bearing on the Paris Seminary for Foreign Missions, when we took up a mission contemporary and found one of these articles, entitled "The Spirit of Rue du Bac," reproduced without a word of acknowledgment.

We forgive you, dear Editor. We are, in fact, delighted to have our paper clipped and presented to those whom we do not reach, but we wish you would instruct your printer not to omit the necessary credit. As it is, if we publish that article along with others, some of your readers will think we took it from you, whereas—but why use more space to air a grievance, when as a rule we have none to air?

The Managing Editor of the *China Bulletin*, who is also attached to the *Chinese Catholic Messenger*, of Tientsin, North China, has the pen of a Blarney native and the eye of a Yankee. Witness the following extract from a recent letter. If it affects

you favorably, drop a line to our enterprising friend and we will forward it.

If I can be of any service to you, do not fail to let me know. I desire to get into touch with some prominent Catholic business men in the United States, in order to secure an adequate Catholic representation in the commercial field of China. I have lately established a business organ known as the *International Advertising Company*, which bears the same address as that given for the *Messenger* and which has for its object the promotion of trade relations between China and foreign countries. I should therefore highly appreciate the addresses of some Catholic importers and exporters in America.

Thanking you in anticipation and wishing you every success, I am

Gratefully yours in Xto.,

F. M. JEFFERSON.

THE FIELD AFAR is not in business other than that which makes for the Master's interest, but we feel justified in printing the above very unusual request and we do so the more readily since the writer has been well recommended to us.

* *

Questions and Answers.

I have a friend in a convent where THE FIELD AFAR is taken. Can I make her an Associate in your work without making her a subscriber to the paper?

Ans. Certainly. See page 145, first column, under "Membership in the Society—Yearly Associate."

If I become a *Perpetual Associate* in your Society now, will my membership continue after death?

Ans. That's the idea. When others forget, you will be remembered at Maryknoll and by the sons and friends of Maryknoll.

I cannot afford to send in one remittance the full offering for a *Perpetual Associate Membership*. May I forward occasionally what I can spare?

Ans. Send, whenever you find it convenient, as small amounts as you wish, but try to get the final offering here within two years.

If I become a *Perpetual Associate*, am I entitled to THE FIELD AFAR?

Ans. Yes. You will receive it as long as you live, if you so desire.

Are there as many as fifteen native-born American priests working among the heathen?

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to <i>anyone</i> address:			
10 copies (12 issues) for	\$4.00		
25 " " "	10.00		
50 " " "	20.00		
100 " " "	40.00		

Ans. We may quite certainly say to this: No.

Will your missionaries go to China?

Ans. We hope so.

Will your priests have a special territory assigned to them, so that one of these days there will be an American vicariate in some heathen land?

Ans. That is what we are aiming at.

* *

In Ten Short Weeks.

WHEN this copy of our paper reaches you, Christmas will be less than ten weeks away. It is not too early, then, to plan for your presents. "To Maryknoll?" you ask. Now that you mention it, Maryknoll or our little Vénard will be glad to get a share in your plum pudding, but we were referring especially to your remembrance of personal friends, some of whom at least will be delighted with one or more of the gifts suggested below:

Postpaid

Maryknoll Pin \$.25

PUBLISHED AT MARYKNOLL

The Field Afar { Ordinary .50
Associate 1.00

(One year's subscription)

Thoughts from Modern Martyrs .35

A Modern Martyr (Life of Bl.

Theophane Vénard)60

Stories from The Field Afar.... .60

Field Afar Tales..... .60

An American Missionary (Fr.

Judge, S.J., in Alaska)60

Life of Just de Bretenières.... .60

Théophane Vénard (in French) .60

Pierre Chanel (in French) .60

OUTSIDE PUBLICATIONS

Our Lord's Last Will..... .70

The Workers are Few..... 1.00

The Church in Many Lands.... 1.00

Yonder? 1.40

Statue of Blessed Theophane Vénard (old ivory or bronze) \$3.00

Address: The Field Afar Office,
Maryknoll : : Ossining, N. Y.



It always gratifies us to feel that missionaries—in fields wide apart—keep their eyes on Maryknoll. Lately we have received letters from:

AFRICA—Bishop Biermans, Nsambya; Fr. Kerkhaff, Nagalama; Fr. MacLoone, Nagalama; Fr. Röttgering, Budaka; Fr. Terhorst, Nyondo; Fr. Arnold Witlox, Kakamega.

CHINA—Fr. Doutreligne, Kwei Chow; Fr. Fraser, Taichowfu; Fr. Morel, Tientsin; Fr. Sepieter, Juichowfu.

INDIA—Bishop Benziger, Quilon; Bishop Chapuis, Kumbakonam; Fr. D'Souza, Mattigiri; Fr. Gaymard, Dharapuram; Fr. Knockaert, Purneah; Fr. Van den Bossche, Torpa.

INDO-CHINA—Very Rev. Fr. Cothonay, Lang-Son; Fr. Lemasle, Quang-bri.

JAPAN AND KOREA—Bishop Berlioz, Sendai; Bishop Chatron, Osaka; Bishop Demange, Taikou; Bishop Mutel, Seoul.

MALESIA—Fr. Amandus, Pemangkat; Fr. Klerk, Kanowit; Fr. Renard, Kuala Lumpur.

OCEANIA—Bishop Bertreux, Solomon Islands; Fr. Aubin, Solomon Islands.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—Bishop Foley, Tuguegarao; Fr. Laurence Rogan, Iloilo.

With letters, photographs have been received from:

AFRICA—Fr. Michael Nevin, Eregi.

CHINA—Fr. Kennelly, Shanghai; Fr. O'Leary, Kiashing; Sr. M. Bernardine, Chefoo.

INDIA—Fr. I. Cotta, Ahmednagar; Fr. Merkes, Madras.

JAPAN AND KOREA—Fr. Bulteau, Biwazaki; Fr. Ferrand, Fusan; Fr. McNeal, Tokyo.

OCEANIA—Fr. Fealy, Hawaii.

This letter, written by a priest in the West, may interest some one of our FIELD AFAR readers in the Orient:

Would you kindly give me the name of a bishop in China who wishes to have a Chinese boy educated for the priesthood, for his own diocese, in a college where English is spoken? I should like to have direct correspondence with him.

"I come that I may gather them together with all nations and tongues: and they shall come and shall see My glory."—Isa. lxvi. 18.

THE PHILIPPINES.

There are rogues and rogues, and Rogans and Rogans. Every FIELD AFAR sufferer knows the Uganda Rogan, but it is the Filipino Rogan who thus discourses on *Philippinitis*:

Of course you can guess what it is. 'Tis a disease rather common in tropical parts and no doubt goes by other names in other countries. I don't know what they call it in Uganda, but I have noticed some recommendations for the use of wider-rimmed sun-hats out there.

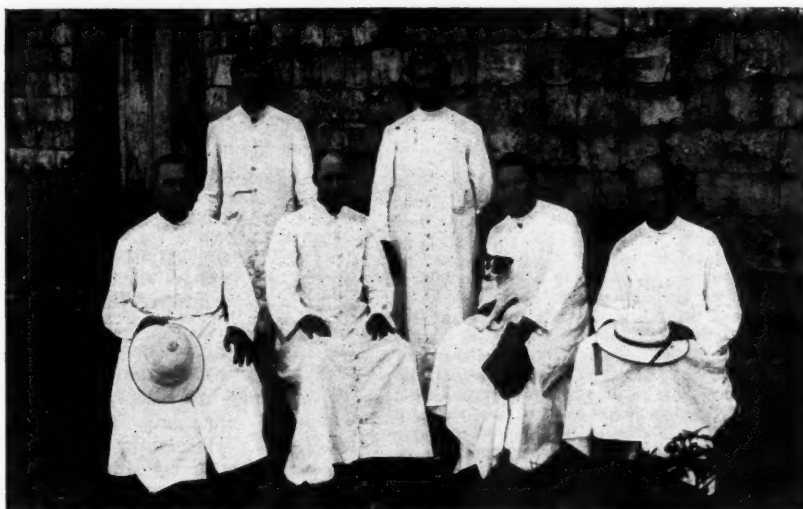
Philippinitis comes when one has been in the tropics several years and has missed too many boats. It shows itself when one begins to feel fascinatingly drawn to follow that happy maxim of the East: "Never do today what you can put off till to-morrow." There is a strong suspicion among some scientific men that the germs are found in the banana, while others contend that they are in the rice. Certain it is that their development is due largely to the action of the sun's rays and that before long they find their way, full-grown, to one's upper story.

There are various symptoms. For instance, one develops an unhappy knack of forgetting everything. What do you think of an Irishman's not remembering what the 17th of March is? Can such a calamity ever happen outside of the Philippines?

Well, Fr. Tim, who had for years been hard at work in various out-of-the-way towns in the interior, was lately visiting the capital. Business over, he chanced to meet with a good Irish family, with whom he dined. They, too, had been living in out-of-the-way places in the Islands, and were so delighted to see an Irish priest that they wanted to have him come again. But poor Fr. Tim had to get back to his district. Just as he was leaving, however, a happy thought struck the lady of the house. "Father," she said, "you must come down for the 17th of March; you simply *must*." "Well," said Fr. Tim, "y—es, —er—y—es, I'll see. By the way, —er—wh—at is the 17th of March?" Collapse of the Irish household and, when he remembered, utter annihilation of Fr. Tim!

That, gentle reader, is what *Philippinitis* does to a man. Wait till I tell you what it did to me before I had been long in the country at all, and then perhaps you'll ask yourselves, "What condition is he in now?"

One Ash Wednesday I was coolly enjoying a bit of bacon for breakfast. 'Twas not often I partook of such a luxury, but this morning I did, entirely forgetting the holy laws of fasting and abstinence. Well, that was already bad enough, yet what follows, caps all. While I was actually sitting there, chewing the bacon, I explained to the cook that he must find fish for dinner, as no meat was allowed. Only when I had finished, did I see what I had been doing. Good Christians, beware of *Philippinitis*!



SOME MILL HILL PRIESTS IN THE PHILIPPINES.
(Fr. Laurence Rogan is holding the dog.)

D E P E N D S O N I T S F R I E N D S .

Another day I settled myself down to a bit of painting. It was nothing artistic, and as the object was large, I sat on the floor, with the paint in a plate alongside me. My boy, too, was painting another object, which he had set up on the table. I soon noticed that he was daubing my table with paint and arose to remonstrate with him. But in so doing, I stepped unwittingly into the plate of paint. And then I pranced around the table, scolding the life out of that poor boy and meanwhile covering the whole floor with the paint that was on my feet!

Some day I may acquaint you with further symptoms. Good-bye!

Bishop Foley and Fr. Killion, on their way back to the Philippines, met not a few of our old friends in Japan, and the two travelers had some interesting experiences in the Island Empire, if we may judge by the following extract from the Bishop's letter:

After taking dinner in Nagasaki, we found out that Osaka was only an hour's ride on the trolley and so we determined to spend the afternoon with Bishop Chatron. We had no difficulty in getting to the right car but we certainly had a ride for life. The car didn't run; it *flew*, and we were just catapulted from one town to another. I have never seen any urban or interurban trolley service in the States that was so recklessly rapid as the electric road between Nagasaki and Osaka.

But our troubles—Fr. Killion's and mine—had only begun. When we reached Osaka, we found we were in a city of 500,000 people, of whom some fifty could speak English—and we didn't know just where those fifty were.

Outside the station we had a serious talk, or rather pantomime, with a man in charge of a *jinriksha* stand, and we tried to make him understand that we wished to see the Catholic priest or bishop. He did not seem to comprehend until I had the happy thought of pointing to our Roman collars and repeating "church," "priest," and "Catholic," both in English and French. Then his eyes brightened, he shook his head affirmatively and gave some directions to the two *rikshaw* men. Off they trotted, and after about half an hour they drew up smilingly in front of — a gentlemen's furnishing store, with a large assortment of shirts, collars and cuffs displayed in the windows. They thought—or their boss thought—that we wanted some clean collars.

We were now in despair. At every corner our men would drop the shafts of the two-wheeled carriage and hold a consultation with the proprietors of the stores in the neighborhood. In the meantime the boys would rush down upon us so thickly as to obstruct all traffic in the narrow streets. Finally, however, one young man was found who knew a few words of English. He told our men to go to the Foreign Quarter, and then our difficulties were over.

We had a pleasant visit with the Bishop and bade him good-bye at the ill-starred station. On the way back the trolley was crowded, for the Japanese were celebrating a national feast that day and the smaller towns had poured into Osaka to take part in the festivities. All in the car were utterly tired out and every one except Fr. Killion and me was sleeping. A young fellow clinging to one of the straps was asleep, and hanging to him was a boy also dead to the world.

It was an amusing scene, but what made us laugh most was an exhibition of Japanese politeness. Two friends were sleeping and one of them awoke when the name of his town was announced by the conductor. He jumped up, shook his companion by the arm till the latter opened his eyes, and then gravely wished him good night. The friend bowed in return and soon dropped off to sleep again.

BORNEO.

After fourteen months' service as chaplain in the English army, Fr. Dunn, Prefect-Apostolic of Borneo, is back in his mission. He writes that he has enjoyed several long chats with Fr. Hopfgartner about Maryknoll and its young apostles.

In many respects a procurator's duties are not enviable. "But what is a *procurator*?" asks some reader who is not ashamed to learn.

A procurator is the individual who provides for the organization which he represents, its various necessities. He should know the market price of eggs or of rice, according to the country in which he lives.

We had a letter recently from the Rev. Procurator of the Mill

A MODERN MARTYR
sells for fifty cents.
Postage ten cents extra.

**AN AMERICAN MISSION-
ARY IN ALASKA**
(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

Price 50 cts. Postage 10 cts. extra.

Address: THE FIELD AFAR
Ossining New York

Hill Mission in Borneo. He writes:

I am getting old, having spent thirty-four years here, and my work keeps me pretty busy, although I am unable to provide much on account of want of money. Our missionaries tell me that I am a poor procurator, and no doubt they are right. Things might improve if I could get a fair number of dollars, but that is just my difficulty, for, as you know from your own experience, it is a hard job.

We recommend this procurator to one or more procurators among our readers, who need no argument to convince them that it is especially difficult to obtain things unless there is some hope, sooner or later, of paying for them.

A letter from Fr. Hopfgartner brings up a picture of the little, dark man with the long, dark beard, whom we used to see at the Knoll very frequently two years ago. Fr. Hopfgartner is in Borneo again now and we know that he cherishes pleasant memories of his visit to the United States. He has just sent us some fancy baskets, "as a sample of the quaint art of which the natives are capable," and he writes:

The people of Borneo are not so wild after all; the country is better than its name. The "wild man from Borneo" exhibited by Barnum and Bailey was a poor copy of the original and he turned out, as I was told on good authority (an Irish curate), to be—an Irishman!

For the past year I have been traveling up and down the country, sometimes on a beaten track, sometimes cutting my own way. I found to my astonishment that some of these country roads are quite level and 'rideable' or 'bikeable.' It would 'shorten' mat-

ters for me if I were the happy possessor of a strong bicycle. You folks in America have no idea what traveling on foot means in a tropical sun.

We know of no missioner to whom we feel more like giving a lift than to Fr. Hopfgartner and we hope that some one who met him while he was in America, will lift him to the height of a bicycle-seat.

Fr. Hopfgartner has a student's mind as well as apostolic zeal, but at present he is obliged to confine his reading to *THE FIELD AFAR*. Here is a chance for some subscriber to first-class, thoughtful magazines—preferably Catholic—to bestow a weekly or monthly service upon a very worthy missioner.

INDIA.

The writer of the unusually interesting letter that follows, is a Mill Hill priest who has been in India almost two score years. We would sign his name, but as the contents are somewhat personal, we hesitate to do so:

If you could just for a moment realize what we old sinners have to go through at this time of the year, you would be the first to say, "Oh please, Father, don't trouble about writing!" We are simply being *cooked* here, for no other reason than that we happen to live in India and that, as fashionable London would put it, "the season is on."

Hundreds of times I have meant to send you a line, but there is always some excuse. One day I am too busy, another I have nothing to say, and again I have lots to say but it is inopportune! Now, however, your circular requesting a Mass in return for the ever-welcome *FIELD AFAR*, makes it imperative for me to sit down at once and write to you.

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Two years ago, or perhaps three, I promised to say annually six Masses for your work. That promise I won't break if I can help it, for if there is any wish I long to see fulfilled in the immediate future, it is that your American youth should in good earnest rally to the standard which you are so bravely holding aloft for the salvation of souls in the field afar.

It is true that the roll-call seems small so far. But have courage, for the Holy Ghost is visibly at work among your Catholic countrymen. I, for one, am struck with admiration when I see what sacrifices they are prepared to make. Here I read of a youth who cuts down his daily lunch and drops the savings in his mite box. Another tramps his way to his daily labor and puts the car-fare to the credit of a brother whom he shall never see or know till the 'great account' be squared. Again, a zealous woman is gathering two hundred dollars for the education of a seminarist, by giving cooking lessons. I call this simply marvelous. It shows that God's holy spirit is abroad and that we may look for startling results in the not distant future.

Will you allow me to communicate a personal experience now nearly fifty years old? It is an example worthy of imitation, pointing out how the spirit of vocations to the apostolate may be effectively promoted.

When my father, a very holy man, was about to die, he called us all to his side, and among some never-to-be-forgotten exhortations, he spoke these remarkable words:

"Children, you have often grumbled at the length of our family night prayers and not seldom expressed your particular displeasure at the extra decade which I always added to the ordinary rosary, for a special intention. I shall now tell you the cause and the meaning of it.

"When I married your good mother, immediately after the nuptial Mass was over, we both vowed to say, all the days of our lives, a special, extra decade of the rosary, with the intention of begging God to bless us with at least one son who would be called by Him to work among the heathen. I now die happy in the thought that not only one but three* of you are preparing for the foreign missions. We could not conscientiously reveal the secret of the extra decade, which as

*An elder brother of mine fell a victim to the hardships of pioneer work in the Zambesi. He was a Jesuit. A younger brother labored for nearly twenty-five years in this mission and went to his reward. I remain, unworthy as yet to pass the Golden Gate.

Six Meters of Doggerel.

BY FR. P. ROGAN.

(With apologies to Fr. Gavan Duffy.)

Air: "The harp that once tore through the halls."

It took the painter Raphael just as many years to paint

As it did the sculptor Angelo to sculpt
Some exquisite creations,
Once the glory of all nations,
But which the War has since reduced to pulp.

O War, thy withering hand stifles Art in every land
And Genius flies to corners dark and stuffy;

Yet thy minions walk abroad,
Scorning pen, but flashing sword,
And a Rogan is succeeded by a Duffy.

O cherished *FIELD AFAR*, how can jokes thy pages mar,
With thirty thousand miles of—but enough! He
Thrust his presence in between,
I withdrew—to weep unseen—
No War can still the Muse of Father Duffy.

O countryman of mine, since thou went'st to India's clime,
Hast thou forgot the bards of Erin's Isle—

How they broke their harps, nor sang,
Weeping o'er War's cruel clang?
Sweet times of Peace are times for Erin's smile.

Not till War has said "Adieu," not till then will I undo

The chains with which I bound my Muse of Song;

My Muse is fair and free—
Can she sing of Misery?
To one soul, Peace and Rhyme, though two, belong.

Yes, when Peace renews her reign, my Muse will rise again,
Then Genius issue forth from corners stuffy;

And I'll tune my harp once more,
As in peaceful days of yore,
But we'll first embalm the corpse of Father Duffy.

children you disliked, for fear of unduly influencing your choice in life."

Now I am commissioning my guardian angel to whisper this story to the good people of your blessed land. I think you would do well to ask all your newly married couples to follow such an example and I need be no prophet to assure you that ere a quarter of a century has elapsed, you will be obliged to build a second Maryknoll to keep pace with the influx of aspiring youths!

The Meeting of the Ways.

[A small group of Maryknollers passed several days of their last summer's vacation on the Hudson River, in a boat that was suffering from various causes. They managed, by a happy chance, to fall into the hands of the hospitable Redemptorists at Esopus, and hence comes the inspiration for this story, produced by one of their scholastic-hosts.]



HOY the house!"

At the call a young priest who had taken refuge from the driving summer rain in the friendly shelter of the boat-house, looked up from the breviary in which he had been absorbed, and beheld a merry little man with a most engaging smile and a very conspicuous shock of auburn hair, who was in the act of mooring a dory to the dock.

"Hello!" said the Father in return. "And what can I do for you?"

Hereupon the stranger introduced himself as a student from the Seminary of Foreign Missions, and unfolded a doleful tale about a gasoline engine that refused to 'bark' and had left the passengers of the launch it was supposed to propel, high and dry in the rain! The budding missionaries in their distress had sent him off the smile to borrow a boat and apply at the neighboring monastery for help. "And if you have any one in your community who knows anything about gas engines, we'll be eternally grateful to you if you will send him to us for an hour," concluded the stranded mariner.

"You came to the right place, Brother," remarked Fr. Brophy, for such was the priest's name. "We have several launches and there are a number of the confrères who know gas engines from A to Z. If you will wait but a few minutes, I'll run to the house and get two or three of them and go with you."

A yawl containing five sturdy monks as oarsmen, among them

two who claimed to qualify as expert mechanics, and with the erstwhile derelict as captain, soon made its way to where the seminarians' launch was anchored. A half-hour's work at the engine told the monks that it would require at least a day's treatment and perhaps a refitting of parts of the machine, to enable it to function properly. So the seminarians at last yielded to the pressing of the religious, and agreed to spend the night at the monastery and pursue their journey next day.

The launch was fastened to the rowboat and a long, weary pull against wind and tide began. The rain came down in torrents and the night was fraught with danger from passing steamers, to which the tiny lights of the small boats must have been invisible. Progress was very slow until a welcome hail told the party that the superior of the religious had sent to the rescue one of the launches belonging to the monastery. The absence of these boats during the afternoon had prevented their despatch earlier in the day. The crew and passengers of the yawl clambered into the launch, only interrupting the singing and laughter which had accompanied even the hardest part of the rowing, long enough to enable the visitors to be seated.

"Thank God!" murmured Fr. Brophy with a shudder, as he thought of the danger just past. He almost fell into the arms of Brother Day, the seminarian who had found him at the dock.

"You monks are a great crowd," said the latter earnestly.

"That's what we think ourselves," replied Fr. Brophy, wringing the water from his dripping hat, "but what gave you the idea?"

"The way you take things. Don't you suppose we men knew the danger of that row in the dark?"

"Did you?" queried the priest. "Then I've a sore throat in vain. I sang myself hoarse with the

others, that you might think we enjoyed the trip."

"And all the while we racked our brains for jokes, so that you wouldn't know we guessed the danger," said Brother Day with a cheerful grin.

"Thank God it came out well, anyhow," said Fr. Brophy.

"Amen to that," returned Brother Day fervently. "But you Fathers would make excellent foreign missionaries."

"Do you know," said Fr. Brophy seriously, "it has been one of my dreams to be a foreign missionary. And were it not for the grand old order to which God has called me, I'd be with you tomorrow. Even as it is, I've hopes of the Philippines or Porto Rico."

"Well," answered his companion, "when you're on your way to the Philippines, stop off at China and we'll show you a royal good time. We're looking forward to China as our field afar."

"China brings memories of martyrs," said Fr. Brophy. "How do you men look on martyrdom?"

"I can't just say how I'd like it," replied the seminarian. "Most of us look on it as a grand but terrible thing. Yet, honestly, I think we all long for it in our hearts."

Fr. Brophy put out his hand in the darkness and laid it on the other's shoulder. "That," he said feelingly, "is the other part of my dream. It seems such an easy way to steal into Heaven. I don't mean the tortures. They would be too hard, maybe, for a coward like me. What I mean is where you are put face to face with the proposition of denying God or spitting on the Cross or insulting Our Lady or else of having a Chinese cut off your head with a sword or a burly negro with a club scatter your brains, if you have any, on the ground. And of course you choose to die. Then you make the good intention and an act of contrition. In a minute it is all over, and you're happy forever."

"I think we understand each other," said Brother Day. "Are you an exception or do all your men feel like that?"

"Oh, most of the confrères love God that way, I think," responded the priest. "But we don't talk much about it. Laughter and fun cloak the fires beneath, when we are together. Life is too serious anyhow."

"Your spirit is much the same as ours, then," remarked Brother Day. "Cheerfulness is an important part of our training, for we are taught that a gloomy man on a foreign mission would do harm to the work of God."

"Yes," answered Fr. Brophy, "and I admire you for it. Yours will be lonely lives at best, and laughing hearts will be your only salvation. I'll bet you men would go to martyrdom with a joke on your lips like Blessed Thomas More."

"You too!" said Brother Day. "But it's God's work, however we die, and after all, the good intention is the main thing."

"Of course," agreed the priest. "All the same I hope the Lord will let me die for Him. I owe Him a lot of penance, and martyrdom would square the account."

"Suppose we both pray for it," suggested the other, "you for me and I for you. God likes best, you know, the prayers we say for others."

"With all my heart," answered the monk. "If I have a foreign missionary praying for me, the Lord will surely hear."

"Perhaps it may be together. Who can tell?" said Brother Day.

"Hardly," responded the priest. "Our fields are too far apart. But here is our dock and we'll have to join the others. Don't forget the prayers. Every day, you know."

"All right," replied the other. And these two were friends forever.

* * *

"Hello, boat!" The call came

from the Inspector of Customs in the port of Shanghai and was addressed to a launch whose solitary occupant was steering deftly among the varied craft of the busy harbor. At once the helmsman turned the nose of his boat towards the land, and running to the rear, threw off his clutch, and shut off the engine. In a moment he tossed a rope to the Inspector, who made it fast.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" asked the boatman as he stepped ashore.

"You are from the American Catholic Mission at Tsan Gu, are you not?" queried the Inspector.

"Yes, that is my home," replied the priest, for such he was.

"Well, Father," said the official,

"there is an American steamer in port with a sick priest aboard. He is bound for the Philippines but has been stricken with ship's fever, and the Doctor says he must land here or die. He knows no Chinese, but mentioned your place. I thought your boat would pass here to-day, and volunteered to hail you and ask you to visit him. If you will permit me to come aboard, I will go with you to his ship, which we can reach in five minutes."

"Certainly, and I thank you for your kindness," said the priest, leading the way into his boat. "How long has the ship been in port?" he asked, as he started his engine.

"Two days," replied the In-



"Pipes are good enough for foreign missionaries."
(See page 154.)

spector. "You must have been on your way hither when she docked."

"Will the patient be able to stand the three days' journey to Tsan Gu and will there be any difficulty made by the authorities?" asked the Father, as his launch sped past a craft that none but Chinese would dignify by the name of ship.

"All that is arranged, Father," replied the Inspector. "His disease is not contagious. The Doctor says that a couple of weeks ashore is all that is required for a perfect cure. He is well able to travel to Tsan Gu. By the way, is there any danger from the rebels? They are making trouble in some districts, and last week they burned an orphanage and looted a mission."

"There are murmurings at Tsan Gu, but they will not amount to anything," responded the missionary. "The garrison of the Government is too strong."

"It is well not to trust those soldiers too far," said the official, shaking his head ominously. "They are ready enough to join the insurgents if there be prospect of sufficient plunder or even the chance of murdering a Christian priest out of hatred for his religion."

The conversation was broken by the arrival at the ship. She was an American liner, and the sight of the Stars and Stripes made the priest's heart thrill with a feeling that none can appreciate save him who has not caught a glimpse of Old Glory for a long time. A ladder was dropped, and the priest and the Inspector were soon aboard. The missionary had hardly set foot on deck, when he was smothered in a Herculean embrace.

"Well, if it isn't Brother Day—Fr. Day now, I suppose!" cried out a voice that somehow Fr. Day associated with a launch on a stormy night.

"Gracious! What are you doing here?" exclaimed Fr. Day,

returning the embrace with vigor as he recognized the voice and features of Fr. Brophy, from whom he had not heard since the latter's departure from the House of Studies for a mission field.

"I'm just taking my first step, or rather sail, towards the foreign missions," said the priest, holding Fr. Day off at arm's length and looking him over affectionately. "After ten years of home missions my superiors decided that I needed a change of climate. I didn't intend to stop here, as I am bound for the Philippines, but fever has gotten into my system and the Doctor says I must take two weeks ashore. A fellow passenger told me of your mission and said he thought the place was in charge of Americans. The Inspector assured me that your boat came down the river once a month for supplies, and I decided to wait for you, as I remembered having met some shipwrecked mariners from the Seminary of Foreign Missions and thought this might serve as an American introduction. Little did I expect to see the individual for whom I have been saying a certain prayer every morning for the last ten years."

"And the last man on earth I expected to run across in Shanghai to-day was Fr. Mike Brophy, who, though he may be a most excellent missionary, is certainly a most miserable correspondent," said Fr. Day, laying his hand on the broad shoulder of the new arrival. "But if you are able to travel, make your farewells to the Captain and then tell the porter or the steward or whatever they call the baggage-smashers on this boat, to have your things lowered into my launch."

"I'll be with you in ten minutes," said Fr. Brophy. "Meantime come down to my cabin and try a real American cigar."

"A cigar!" exclaimed Fr. Day. "It is a long time since I burned one of those same. Pipes are good enough for foreign missionaries. But wait till you get to my mis-

sion! I'll teach you to eat with chop-sticks in short order and treat you besides to some delicious bird's-nest soup. I've been alone for two years and the sight of your none too beautiful countenance gladdens my heart."

"You may keep the sticks and the soup," replied his friend. "As for your delicate compliment about my good looks, I say the same to you and many of them."

Thus were these two typical American priests reunited. Fr. Day bore Fr. Brophy in triumph to his mission at Tsan Gu, and as the fever refused to leave the latter, his two weeks ashore lengthened into six. Then all thought of departure was dispelled by the alarming news that rebels had captured the town that commanded the river between Tsan Gu and Shanghai.

The weeks had been a period of unalloyed bliss for Fr. Day and despite occasional attacks of fever, they had been happy for Fr. Brophy. Each had much to tell the other of his work for God and of the wonders of Providence manifested in the conversion of sinners. Fr. Day could show most evident results. It seemed that the Chinese needed only to hear the Gospel teaching to embrace it eagerly, and thousands of Christians were under the care of American priests in the scattered districts. Fr. Brophy, in turn, told his friend of the workings of God's grace in souls that had thrown aside the Faith and had been snatched from the very brink of hell. They said office together and served each other's Mass every day. So the time sped by holily and happily, until one afternoon Fr. Day returned from a visit to the neighboring town with a cloud upon his usually sunny countenance.

"What's the matter with you?" said Fr. Brophy, whom an attack of the fever had left weak but smiling. "Heard some bad news?"

"Bad news or good, just as one chooses to take it," replied his

friend. "Those miserable rebels have been tampering with our soldiers. Bribes, threats, and religious fanaticism have been used to turn the neighboring garrison against us. One of our soldier-converts has told me that feeling against the Christians runs high. The members of my flock are fleeing to the mountains and they beg me to do likewise this very night. If I go, they will be hunted down together with me. If I stay, there is a slim chance that the Government troops, which have been pressing the rebels hard, may get here before the insurgents—~~at~~ those devils may come, kill me, and loot the mission. If they kill me, their thirst for blood will not extend to the lives of my people. You see, it is either my life or the lives of my poor people. And I fear for their strength in the time of trial."

"Well," interpolated Fr. Brophy calmly, "what's the answer?"

"Oh, it's easy for me," replied Fr. Day. "To die for Christ is a privilege for me, but I must consider you. These heathens know of your presence, and my death without yours will hardly satisfy them."

"Well," again queried his friend, "what's the answer?"

"To tell the truth, I don't know," said Fr. Day sadly.

"Tom, I am ashamed of you," said Fr. Brophy, rising from his couch and looking over the veranda at his friend below. "Do you remember a certain conversation we two had on a certain American river some ten years ago?"

"I do, as if it were yesterday," said Fr. Day. "You said martyrdom appealed to you as an easy way to steal into Heaven."

"Yes, and you're the lad that has been begging God every day for the last ten years to give me the grace to die for Him. And when there is a chance that your prayer may be answered at last, here you are with a face as sad as

a Yankee undertaker's. For shame! Come up here, man, and hear my confession. Then let us thank God for the grace He is giving us, and die smiling."

"But your superiors and confrères!" murmured Fr. Day. "You see you are my guest and—"

"Tut, tut, man," interrupted his friend. "My superiors and confrères will envy me, every mother's son of them. When the news reaches home, the members of the communities will recite a *"De Profundis"* for me after night prayer and next morning the priests will offer Mass for my soul. Then all that knew me will say, 'Fr. Mike always was a lucky man. I wish I were in his shoes. God rest his soul!'"

So said, so done. Each heard the other's confession. Then Fr. Day prepared and served the simple meal, and the friends sat chatting till late in the night.

"Good night, Tom," said Fr. Brophy affectionately, as they parted. "To-morrow, perhaps, we shall be in Heaven."

"Thanks to your prayers," said his friend.

"Tut, tut, man," said Fr. Brophy, and then he went to bed and slept like a child.

Fr. Brophy's "good night" was a prophecy. The next morning, just after he had elevated the chalice in the Mass he was celebrating, a wild-eyed native Christian came running breathlessly to the mission. Fr. Day, who had finished his Mass and was serving that of his friend, went to the door of the chapel and spoke to the man. He dismissed him and turned to the altar just as Fr. Brophy was saying, *"Et ne nos inducas in tentationem."*

"Sed libera nos a malo," responded Fr. Day fervently, and approached his friend.

"Father, they're coming," he whispered. "A man who was just here, informed me that they will be at the door in ten minutes."

"What shall we do?" asked the celebrant.

"Think of Him first," replied Fr. Day with a reverent glance at the Host. "Those devils would rejoice to outrage Him. Consume all the particles in the Tabernacle at your Communion. I will hide the sacred vessels. Then God have mercy on our souls!"

"Amen," said his friend with all the fervor of his heart. Then he turned again to the altar and went on with his Mass, as calmly and quietly as though he were saying it in the peaceful chapel of his seminary.

Meanwhile Fr. Day hid the sacred vessels, the missals, and the records of the house in a spot beneath the floor behind the altar, unknown to all save him and a fellow priest now on a distant mission. When Fr. Brophy had cleansed the chalice and ciboria, his friend placed these with the rest and returning, knelt before the altar.

Lifting up his voice in the prayer of the Postcommunion, Fr. Brophy was finishing his Mass. *"Dominus vobiscum—Ite, missa est,"* he said, and was interrupted by a roar that told him the rebels had come. He turned to give the blessing as the heathen burst into the chapel, and he made it a prayer for them. Fr. Day was struck down at the door even while his friend was whispering an absolution for his soul.

"Benedicat vos," murmured Fr. Brophy as several Chinese, their eyes aflame, ran at him with lances and drawn swords. *"Omnipotens Deus,"* he continued, as the steel sought his heart. A blow on the head made his brain reel and his body grow faint, but his lips finished the Sacred Names and his hand completed the sign of salvation. *"Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus,"* he ended, and died. The heathen had brought him the gift he craved and he blessed them for it, though they knew not what they did.



ARY'S Knoll never looked brighter than on the second Monday of September, when one of her sons,

Frederick Dietz, received the sacred order of priesthood at the hands of the Rt. Rev. Austin Dowling, D.D., Bishop of Des Moines.

Fr. Dietz had been with us only a little over a year. His earlier preparation was made at the Catholic University, where, as a layman, he studied philosophy. He then entered St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee, and after three years of theological studies applied for admission to Maryknoll, where he was received with open arms.

The aspirant missionary came to us in minor orders and was raised to subdeaconship and deaconship by Bishop Hayes at St. Stephen's Church, New York City. His ordination to the priesthood took place at Maryknoll, in the Seminary chapel of St. Paul, and was attended by a small group of relatives, including his mother, in addition to our two communities—that of the Seminary itself and that of the faithful Teresians.

The diocesan seminary of Dunwoodie graciously loaned us the episcopal appurtenances and a master of ceremonies, Dr. Arthur J. Scanlan. Fr. Cashin, too, was with us, having left his orphans at Sing Sing to come up and congratulate our new priest. So a happy, peaceful day passed into the history of this young Society, which now numbers seven priests.

Of course there have been other events since our last budget of news, but the ordination overshadowed them all. We must not, however, neglect to record among recent visitors the Rev. Peter E. Dietz, of Hot Springs, N. C., whose Social Service School is at-



THE LATEST ORDINATION AT MARYKNOLL.

tracting nation-wide attention and who is a brother of our latest priest, nor can we omit to mention Msgr. McGean, of old St. Peter's in Barclay St., New York, who came with Msgr. Evers. A guest of a somewhat unusual type was Mr. Joseph S. Hoshino of Tokyo, a young Catholic Japanese who has come to this country to study international commerce.

This reminds us that we have received word from Tientsin, China, of the departure for Duquesne College of two young Catholic Chinese laymen, who will be educated through the kindness of Archbishop Keane and who later will return to their own country, the first fruits of American Catholic effort in this direction. We hope to see both of these students at Maryknoll during their collegiate course.

* *

THE Vénard Apostolic School is a fixture now. It opened at Clark's Green, Pa., on Our Lady's birthday, when twenty-five sturdy youths, gathered from many States, were enrolled under the immediate direction of the Rev. J. Edward Walsh of Cumberland, Md. Additions have since been made and the full roster will be given in our next issue.

"A goodly start," you say, "for a young school." Well, it includes about as many youngsters as we can provide for just at present,

but you should see them *bunched*. It would do your heart good and would snap your purse-strings before you knew what had happened. The senior class has in itself just the right number and some of the quality needed for a baseball team, but a more consoling reflection is that next September these nine will, as far as we can now judge, be at Maryknoll, studying philosophy on the last lap of their course towards the apostolate.

The day following the opening was that set for a *Mile-Box Shower*. You never heard of such a thing? Nor had we, until a very thoughtful Scranton reader of this paper suggested it to our representatives. It looked good enough to try and so the trial was made. Those who knew us, received mite boxes, with invitations to fill them gradually and on September 9 to shower their contents upon a safe landing-place on the Vénard lawn.

The mite-box holders were also privileged to bring friends with them to the *Green*, and on the date announced some three hundred visitors took advantage of the finest kind of weather to see Maryknoll's first-born, the Vénard Apostolic School. They found a lusty infant, somewhat untidy but bearing evidences of a scrub.

Everybody said it was all 'wonderful,' but as everybody, these days, says that everything is 'wonderful,' nobody took the comment very seriously. There were some features, however, worth noting.

The much-loved pastor of Clark's Summit, Fr. Flood, who has been a big brother to the little Vénard, was there, and two of the Cathedral priests, the Rev. Dr. Brennan and the Rev. Dr. Kealey, found time for a brief visit. The best-known names in Scranton and the surrounding towns were recorded in the guest-book, along

with other names, whose owners, though less talked of, must be very dear to God.

Our own Teresians, too, had sent a delegation, and our latest acquisition, the Rev. Newton Thompson, D.D., was there in his glory. So also was Captain Kidd, who bosses the farm at Clark's Green when *Brother Farmer* is not looking and who knows more about country life than all the farm-paper editors and seed-catalog compilers put together.

Mrs. Early, in bonnet and shawl, arrived a little late. She made a bee-line for the kitchen, which she sized up as a pretty tough joint that needed some good twists. She was champing at the bit to 'get at it,' but her time had not yet come. A theological student from Maryknoll had had the floor, with the stove, for six weeks, controlling the entire cooking department, and ladies were not wanted until he should retire from the background.

Bertin of Malacca was an unconscious curio, not to say hero, and Alfred the Great, a sad youth from somewhere in Massachusetts, was smiling in the possession of a heavenly twin from Northern New York.

When the Maryknoll superior arrived on the morning of the great day, the Vénard boys were up to their overalls and jumpers in dirt, but when he looked on the darlings that afternoon, the transformation was complete. The twenty-five were immaculate and even Angelo looked white—around the collar.

The best among them spent the entire afternoon washing dishes, while others entertained, because they were built that way or because they were told to do so. But there was not one of them who did not eat cake.

Cake! If you never ate cake, go to Scranton. That city is famed for its anthracite, but its real product is cake—silver and gold cake. When the Vénard School was lodging on Clay Ave.

in a couple of handboxes, sympathetic neighbors made and sent cake for 'those dear boys'—and the 'dear boys' never wasted a crumb. A year at Maryknoll would, we thought, cause them to forget the cakes of Scranton, but no! Cake-makers cover the Wyoming Valley and the little animals are munching again, while cake is king.

How much did the shower bring? You are as curious as ever, but your curiosity is that of an interested friend and so we whisper in your ear, "About five hundred dollars."

The Vénard site, with the frame buildings that are located on it, is valued at more than \$20,000, and five hundred dollars will not go far towards cancelling our debt. Yet it must be remembered that while the Scranton diocese, as the home of our first preparatory school, should and will be its special patron, ours is a nationwide work and Catholics throughout the country will gladly share in the purchase as in the support of The Vénard. Moreover, the sum total of the mite-box gatherings does not represent the success of that day. Pennies were showered, but, besides, seed was sown that will in God's good time bring fruit—in prayers, in alms, and in vocations.

So far the diocese of Scranton has not supplied, either to Maryknoll or to The Vénard, a solitary recruit. We know, however, that faith and charity sway the Scranton Church so strongly that its vigor is recognized all over this



AT THE HEIGHT
OF THE SHOWER.

land, and we have good reason to hope that before many years such faith and charity will blossom forth apostles.

* *

"The Catholics of this country contributed about three-quarters of a million dollars to foreign missions last year, a fairly large sum in the aggregate, but, as 'America' points out, only about five cents per capita for our Catholic population. It is a very poor showing indeed when compared with the nearly nineteen million dollars contributed to similar purposes by the Protestants of the United States and Canada.

"The chief difficulty seems to be that the work is not well organized or, rather, that sufficient emphasis is not put upon it. Money, it is true, goes farther in Catholic missionary endeavor than in other foreign mission enterprises, but still we are far from doing our duty in this field. Particularly since the war has cut off the chief sources of revenue for Catholic missionaries, ought we to turn our attention to the needs of the heroic laborers for the Faith in pagan lands."—Catholic Sentinel.

If Theophane Vénard, the Blessed, is known in your school, why not place his statue where it will continue the inspiration of this young martyr's life?

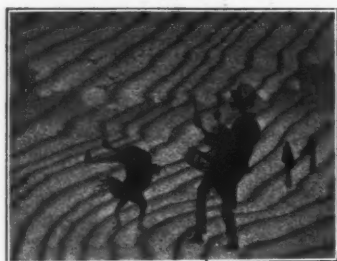
Here is a present for the class to give "Sister" and it will cost only about three dollars, packed and delivered.



THE VENARD HOME-NEST AT CLARK'S GREEN.

D E P E N D S O N I T S F R I E N D S .

Drumming for a Cause.



MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to Oct. 1, 1916, 2,511,684 "
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,938,316 "
SEND FOR A LAND-SLIP.

VENARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to Oct. 1, 1916, 719,814 "
For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 5,280,186 "
SEND FOR A VENARD CARD.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Ordinary 464
Associate 300

Total 764

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living: Rt. Rev. P. H.; Rev. T. C.;
Rev. T. D.; C. M. D.; R. C. K.; H. M.;
Mr. and Mrs. F. S.

Dead: Rev. Edward Walch; Bernard
Casey; Elizabeth J. Fleming; Relatives
of a Priest.

PACKAGES RECEIVED.

Cassocks, rabats, and clothing from
Rev. Friend, Mass.; silver knives and
forks from Rev. Friend, Mass.; rab-
ats from Sr. A., Mo.; cassock, biretta,
missal, and clothing from M. O'N., N.
H.; ciborium cover from A. H., N. Y.;
diamond ring and pin from Mrs. M. C.,
Mass.; souvenir spoon and old coin
from M. McG., Mass.; 2 gold watches
and ring from J. G., Ohio; table-
covers from Mrs. A. L., N. Y.; gold
bracelets, silver napkin-rings, knives,
forks, and spoons from M. G., Mass.;
old jewelry from A. B., N. J.; cloth-
ing from C. H., Minn.; tinfoil from
S. H., Cal.; cancelled stamps from
Cal., Md., N. J., N. Y., and R. I.

"The better we know men, the less
we love them. It is just the opposite
with God: the more we know Him,
the greater is our love for Him."—
Curé of Ars.

FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFTS	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
California	\$8.75	11
Connecticut	102.55	146
District of Columbia	1.00	
Florida		2
Illinois	6.40	2
Indiana	16.00	8
Iowa	11.00	1
Kansas		6
Kentucky		2
Maine	6.10	3
Maryland	15.93	11
Massachusetts	*1,610.97	235
Michigan	2.00	4
Minnesota		1
Missouri	6.80	1
Nebraska	1.00	
New Hampshire	501.50	
New Jersey	289.63	150
New York	1,227.00	96
Ohio	126.40	10
Oklahoma	3.00	2
Pennsylvania	66.55	26
Rhode Island	1,053.70	31
South Dakota	1.00	
Texas	1.04	
West Virginia	1.50	1
Wisconsin	1.00	6

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Austria	\$50.00	
Canada	6.00	5
England	2.40	1
Hawaii		2
Ireland	1.00	
Jamaica		1
Newfoundland	4.00	

As a true spiritual son of St. Te-
resa, I am offering prayers and sacri-
fices for the welfare and prosperity of
dear Maryknoll. To you, all the mis-
sioners seem to cry, "Save us, we
perish." (Fr. Dominic, D.C., India.)

Promises of Masses for our
work and its benefactors have
been received, since our last
record, from:

AFRICA—Fr. Terhorst, Nyondo, (2);
Fr. Willemen, Nagongera, (2).

CHINA—Fr. Casuscelli, Hanchungfu;
Fr. Doutreligne, Kwei Chow; Fr. Se-
pieter, Juichowfu; Fr. Williatte,
Hinny-fu.

INDIA—Bishop Chapuis, Kumbakonam;
Fr. Aelen, Nellore; Fr. Morin, Wel-
lington.

INDO-CHINA—Bishop Jeanningros,
Quinhon; Fr. Lemasle, Quang-bri.

JAPAN—Very Rev. Fr. Kinold, Sappo-
ro; Very Rev. Fr. Lang, Otaru;
Fr. Bulteau, Biwazaki, (2).

MALESIA—Fr. Renard, Kuala Lumpur.

OCEANIA—Fr. Aubin, Solomon Islands,
(2); Fr. Guinard, Fiji.

*Includes \$1,000 annuity.

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

[A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the
interest of which will support and educate, contin-
uously, one of our students for the priesthood.]

COMPLETED BURSSES.

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse....	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000.
*St. Willibrord Burse.....	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse..	5,000.
O. L. of the Miraculous Medal Burse	5,000.

PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSSES.

Abp. John J. Williams Burse**\$5,276.21	
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse 3,530.00	
Cheverus Centennial School Burse	*3,176.12
St. Joseph Burse.....	2,281.15
All Souls Burse.....	2,052.04
St. Teresa Burse.....	†2,040.00
O. L. of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	†1,980.37
Little Flower Burse (Vénard)...	1,839.64
St. Patrick Burse.....	1,452.45
Holy Ghost Burse.....	1,231.54
Bl. Th. Vénard Burse (Vénard)	1,172.00
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	1,113.79
Father B. Burse.....	*1,056.00
Pius X. Burse.....	1,001.00
Precious Blood Burse.....	853.00
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse	772.76
St. Anthony Burse.....	686.20
St. Dominic Burse.....	498.85
St. Columba Burse.....	363.50
St. Stephen Burse.....	346.00
St. Francis of Assisi Burse...	316.35
Susan Emery Memorial Burse...	300.20
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse...	300.00
St. Lawrence Burse.....	220.75
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	217.51
Curé of Ars Burse.....	209.75
St. John the Baptist Burse....	172.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	147.00
C. Burse.....	100.00
O. L. of Mercy Burse.....	99.54
St. Rita Burse.....	99.25
All Saints Burse.....	85.95
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse	73.50
Joan of Arc Burse.....	61.00
Gemma Galgani Burse.....	25.00
O. L. of Perpetual Help Burse..	20.50
Immaculate Conception Burse..	17.00
St. Peter Burse.....	15.42
Holy Name Burse.....	15.00
O. L. of Victory Burse.....	12.00
St. Agnes Burse.....	12.00
St. Paul Burse.....	11.00
St. Aloysius Burse.....	8.25

Any burse or share in a burse may be
donated in memory of the deceased.

SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund*	\$6,000.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund	3,700.00
Vénard Student Fund.....	594.60
Bread Fund.....	150.92

*On hand but not operative.

**\$5,000 on hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

WORTHY OF SPECIAL NOTE.

A well-known convert, sending us recently a *Perpetual Associate Membership*, added this comment, which may be suggestive to readers who do not like to be bothered with yearly payments:

It is a great comfort—aside from the other advantages—to feel that now, however hard up we may be, we shall always be entitled to receive THE FIELD AFAR.

Occasionally some one asks us to suggest a special destination, in our work, for a fifty-dollar gift. Best of all would be a *Perpetual Associate Membership*, for the living or the dead. But if this has already been secured, we have yet some rooms to be furnished in the name of one who gives the above amount, or we can make good use of it for the personal expenses of a student for a year.

Another thousand dollars has been added to the *Bishop Doran Memorial Burse*, through the kindness of the Bishop of Providence, and a pastor in the Boston Archdiocese has sent a hundred dollars for the *Fr. Chapon Burse*. Other considerable helps which the month brought us were from a benefactress in Rochester, N. Y., who divided five hundred dollars between Maryknoll and The Vénard, a man in New York City who sent us fifty dollars, and a friend in Austria who remembered us with a similar amount. And we must not forget an increase of five hundred dollars in the *Foreign Mission Educational Fund*, and a welcome remittance of one hundred dollars for the *Precious Blood Burse* from the Gaspar Foreign Mission Society, of St. Charles' Seminary, Carthage, Ohio.

FROM SEMINARIES.

As students of the Congregation of the Precious Blood, the members of our little mission society consider it a duty and a pleasure to contribute their mite towards a burse dedicated to a mystery so closely connected with their daily lives. The extra dollar enclosed

is for Maryknoll postals and seals, which we shall use to advertise your noble work. (St. Charles' Seminary, Carthage, Ohio.)

It may interest you to know that among the books given out by our library for spiritual reading, *A Modern Martyr* and *Stories from The Field Afar* were very popular, and it is to be regretted that more copies were not on hand. Some time ago I wrote you that there was considerable mission spirit here and I really believe that this spirit is gaining ground. Recently a member of our Literary Society delivered an excellent essay on foreign missions and it found favor with the audience. I should not be surprised if in the near future Assumption would yield a number of recruits—besides my own little self—to reinforce the Maryknoll band. (Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario.)

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Kindly renew my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR and consider me an associate member. I really dislike being 'ordinary.' (Yonkers, N. Y.)

Enclosed find the stuff that will assure me of another year's 'Field Afaring.' (Seminarian, Carthage, Ohio.)

I have desired for a very long time to be one of your subscribers, but.... I have delayed for lack of occasion. (New Hampshire Priest.)

Your paper is worth more than fifty cents a year and I am quite ashamed to think that I have not realized before now the idea of becoming an Associate Subscriber.

GOOD FRIENDS AT MARYKNOLL:

The dollar enclosed is a thank-offering, but this time good St. Anthony must get the credit.

What is it all about? Well,—if you were a growing boy, and needed a job badly—if your mother was dead, and your father had a hard time to pay his board and yours and another brother's—well, seriously, this is really the case.

Good St. Anthony was called upon to find a place for the boy and he found it. The little offering enclosed had been promised (to charity, and surely yours is a wonderful charity), together with publication. Please print this, giving all thanks to St. Anthony, and oblige

A FRIEND OF THE MISSIONS.

Train the little ones to use a mite box for love of Jesus Christ.

For those who would remember Maryknoll in their wills, we print our legal title:

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INCORPORATED.

GENTILE HINTS.

I read THE FIELD AFAR in the club-rooms of the Knights of Columbus. (Regina, Saskatchewan.)

I think of you every day and am longing for the time to come when I can go 'land-slipping' again. I still have a few more slips to fill.

Reading THE FIELD AFAR is a pleasant remedy for the 'grumps.' I re-mail my copy each month to a different address, hoping it may sometime secure a friend worth while. (Pittsburgh, Pa.)

Your little paper, which I purchase at the book-rack of our parish church (the Cathedral), is perfectly delightful, but along with the pleasure it gives, is a sense of one's ability to help such a big cause. Send me some mite boxes. Maybe they'll catch some pennies.

Since a mite box may be had for a postal, I am sending a postal. We are to have a mission in a few weeks and I thought of placing a mite box on the mission goods table. Perhaps some charitably disposed persons may find it a convenient place for small change. Have you any leaflets you wish circulated? (Rev. Friend.)

I have felt very much flattered by those leaflets that came to me from time to time, reminding me of opportunities to invest my thousands—at a good rate of interest, too. I have regarded them as so many tributes of admiration for a worldly thrift which I do not possess. I don't suppose I shall ever be rich, but whether richer or poorer, I shall try to help a little the good work in which you are engaged.

In your various appeals I have noticed your mention of many things that you desired—cement, sand, shoes, etc.—but never a word about *dough*. Now dough is very much kneaded in the kitchen, and I thought you might find some use for the enclosed. Perhaps if it were noised abroad that contributions of dough would be acceptable at Maryknoll, others might decide to thus assist in keeping the Seminary bakery going. (Rev. Friend.)



Mission Circles.

NOTES.

THIS resolution has been adopted by several Maria Mission Circles:

That our circle members and friends include among their Christmas presents a gift to the Christ Child for His missions, this offering to be in proportion to our other Christmas gifts;

That we advertise this thought as widely as possible, to the end that such a gift may become customary among our Catholic people.

A young woman whose home is in West Virginia, has undertaken to distribute one hundred mite boxes among her friends, for the accumulation of the Christmas gift to the Christ Child. This is a practical way to see that the suggestion is carried out, for, like many other good suggestions, it may, though heartily endorsed, be forgotten in the stress of everyday life. The mite box is a constant reminder.

We especially commend to convent schools, as a Christmas exercise for the pupils, the mission playlet published in the September issue of THE FIELD AFAR. The convent school is, of all places in the world, the realization of the Church's tender care for her children. Here the sons and daughters of our Catholic people are guarded from the dangers and woes of the world, and trained to happy, useful lives. Here the lesson of thoughtfulness for others is imparted. We pray that this thoughtfulness may be worldwide. The mission playlet, presented by our convent schools at Christmas-time, will draw the attention and interest of parents and friends, and will be an influence for the mission cause more helpful than could well be secured in any other manner.

Three of our circles, one in New Hampshire, one in Mary-

land, and one in Pennsylvania, have reported preparations for "mission sales" of aprons, dolls, hand-painted cards, etc. We wish all of them great success.

Suggestion: *A dollar for the spread of the faith, to every dollar for pleasure.*

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His ball—the earth—
That sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His ball.
—Fr. Tabb.

+ +

A Few More Needs.

TO some Tabernacle Society Guild we would respectfully submit our need of a Benediction veil. A very simple one will be welcome.

So far as our knowledge goes, there is no one at Maryknoll just now who has aspirations to episcopal honors. Nevertheless we have urgent need here for all the appurtenances of an ordination ceremony. We shall be deeply grateful if, in overhauling his wardrobe and sacristy, some bishop will apply to our necessity his own unused belongings or those of his predecessor. Perhaps one of our readers is close enough to a throne to suggest this idea.

We believe that every foreign mission student should play some musical instrument, preferably one that he can carry about with him. It will be a defense against loneliness, rats, and gossiping neighbors.

Our students have caught this idea and last year a somewhat lame orchestra was formed among them. Now, if the proper instruments are forthcoming, they plan to organize a band. At present they have several violins, a piano that plays automatically whenever a 'Tin Lizzie' passes on the highway, a flute, a trombone, and a jew's-harp. But every leader of a band or of an orchestra knows

A PERPETUAL ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America may be secured gradually in as many payments as desired, provided the sum of fifty dollars is reached within two years from the date of the first payment.

that other instruments are necessary, and our *don't-buy-if-you-can-help-it* rule prevents the immediate possession of these.

+ +

SOME Dunwoodie professor or student has sent to Maryknoll a cassock and a set of breviaries—both welcome. We could not identify the finger-prints on the package, but we are grateful just the same.

A venerable priest from the Middle West, who visited Maryknoll recently, expressed his interest in the annuity idea and asked some searching questions about our investments, which we were pleased to answer. This friend is of the opinion that while the secular priest is justified in providing for himself what a religious order supplies to its subjects, nearly all secular priests are anxious not to leave money which might occasion disputes after their death. The annuity idea avoids the difficulty.

Masses and other spiritual aids are offered every Friday for our Associate Subscribers and other benefactors. The number of Masses said by Maryknoll priests for this exclusive intention is at least three hundred a year, and in addition about three hundred are offered on the mission field by bishops and priests who are friends of the work.

REMEMBER, please, in your prayers the souls of:

Most Rev. J. Spalding	S. C. Cabanné
Rev. J. H. Gallagher	Frank W. Costello
Rev. T. Guillot	William Finnegan
Mother M. Fabian	Dr. M. F. Kelly
Sr. M. Dolorosa	Charles J. Murphy
Sr. Eligius	Margaret J. Murphy
Mlle. Irène Herold	Daniel Raggio
Mr. Buechner	A. T. Stanhope

